

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HANDWRITING ON THE WALL"
LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"When God Writes Anything on the Wall
a Man Had Better Read It as It Is"—
The Opening and the Close of Sin's
Banquet.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 10.—Since his coming to Washington, Dr. Talmage's pulpit experience has been a remarkable one. Not only has the church in which he preaches been filled, but the audiences have overflowed into the adjoining streets to an extent that has rendered them impassable. Similar scenes were enacted at to-day's services when the preacher took for his subject: "Handwriting on the Wall," the text chosen being Dan. 5: 28, "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her two hundred and fifty towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendours of the setting sun; and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour, from starril flowers and dripping leaf, a fragrance for many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dance and frolic and promenade. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp, and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wastal were mingled in every street; and goddess mirth, and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace, to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togamah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount, and women, dressed in all the splendours of Syrian emerald, and the color-blending of agate, and the chasteness of coral, and the sombre glory of Tyrian purple, and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert, and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cup-bearers are all ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the blaze of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go by with song, and dance, and ovation; and let that Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O, King Belshazzar, live forever!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nerveless grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand-voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it: "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace stairs. Masacre rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death bursts upon the scene; and I shut the door of that banquet hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the slush of upset tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For "in that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I go on to learn some lessons from all this. I learn that when God writes anything on the wall, a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the handwriting on the wall. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the Gospel to preach always things that the people like, or the people choose. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say, "tell me the message that came from God." I will. It is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!"

I might talk of a great many other things; but that is the message, and so I declare it. Jesus never flattered those to whom he preached. He said to those who did wrong, and who were offensive in his sight, "Ye generation of vipers! ye whited sepulchres! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Paul the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say, "Oh! you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No; he preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous; of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetites; of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always declare the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about to this man who was James I. of England and James VI. of Scotland? He took for his text James first and sixth: "He that waveth with the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he

preached; and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed; and the king's chapel was full of lords, and dukes, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying, "Hugh Latimer, bethink thee! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But bethink thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire." Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

Here is a man who begins to read loose novels. "They are so charming," he says; "I will go out and see for myself whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful spirit meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and it is all enchantment. Why, it seems as if the angels of God had poured out phials of perfume in the atmosphere. As he walks on he finds the hills becoming more radiant with foliage, and the ravines more resonant with the falling water. Oh, what a charming landscape he sees! But that sinful spirit, with her wand, meets him again; but now she reverses the wand, and all the enchantment is gone. The cup is full of poison. The fruit turns to ashes. All the leaves of the bower are forked tongues of hissing serpents. The flowing fountains fall back in a dead pool stenchful with corruption. The luring songs become curses and screams of demoniac laughter. Lost spirits gather about him and feel for his heart, and beckon him on with "Hail, brother, hail, blasted spirit, hail!" He tries to get out. He comes to the front door where he entered and tries to push it back, but the door turns against him; and in the jar of that shutting door he hears these words: "This night is Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain." Sin may open bright as the morning. It ends dark as the night.

I learn further from this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not go down to the prisons in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death, but he comes to the palace; and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tiptop pitch, death breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man just come from college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him. He is established in the law. His friends cheer him. After awhile you may see him standing in the American senate, or moving a popular assembly by his eloquence, as trees are moved in a whirlwind. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and see the tides of his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought, and mirth, and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious and of those who despise God, will be very sudden. The wave of mirth had dashed to the highest point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God, and defy the laws of men. How was it at the deluge? Do you suppose it came through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming? No; I suppose the morning was bright; that calmness brooded on the waters; that beauty sat enthroned on the hills; and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through; where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was such a beautiful walking place! A pavement of tinged shells and pearls, and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptians! Clap the cymbals and blow the trumpets of victory! After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls begin to tremble. They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shriek of drowning men! The swimming of the war horses in vain for the shore! The straining of the great host on the bottom of the sea, or pitched by the angry wave on the beach—a battered, bruised, and loathsome wreck! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed, and without remedy.

I am just setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. Ananias comes to the apostle. The apostle says: "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead! as quick as that. Sapphira, his wife, comes in. "Did you sell the land for so much?" "Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead. God's judgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly.

Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing; and they wait till it starts. Death is an old sportsman, and he loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing. Oh, flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have

heard the call of the Gospel for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from thy sin! Flee to the stronghold of the Gospel! Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

Good night, my young friends! may you have rosy sleep, guarded by Him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But oh! art thou a despoiler of God? Is this thy last night on earth? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and there be a fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the limb, and a catching of the breath—then thy doom would be but an echo of the words of the text: "In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Oh! that my Lord Jesus would now make Himself so attractive to your souls that you cannot resist Him; and if you have never prayed before, or have not prayed since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that to-night you might pray, saying: Just as I am, without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say: "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter one that you may utter: "Lord, save me, or I perish!" Or, if that be too long a prayer you need not make it. Use the word "Help!" Or, if that be too long a word, you need not use any word at all. Just look and live!

FLOATING FACTS.

From the time of Solomon the chronology of the Hebrews may be connected with that of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylon, and comparative views presented.

The people of the United States use on an average 12,000,000 postage stamps of all kinds each and every day of the year, or a total of 4,380,000,000 per annum.

The Greek year consists of twelve months of twenty-nine and thirty days alternately; three times in eight years a month was added to make up the deficiency.

On her last trip the Lucania, in order to save the tide at the Mersey bar, broke the record between Queenstown and Liverpool, making the 240 miles in ten hours.

A pipe line to convey the product of the Los Angeles oil wells to the seaboard, either at San Pedro or Redondo, is under the consideration of an eastern capitalist.

The "Era of the Martyrs," a famous era in use in the early church, commemorates the tenth and last great persecution, by Diocletian, beginning Feb. 23, 284 A. D.

The first cabbage grown in Great Britain was raised on the ground adjoining the Abbey of Arbroath, having been produced from seeds obtained from Artois, in France.

GLIMPSES.

Jabez Copps, who taught school in Sangamon county, Ill., in 1819, is still alive.

Now people say that a picture of Della Fox can be distinctly traced in the moon.

Doctors now say that the dangers from appendicitis have been greatly exaggerated.

There are at least fifteen women in Chicago who make a living by punning and filling teeth.

Six Russian noblemen are riding along the frontier line between Russia and British territory.

A Pinkerton patrolman at Chicago walks thirty-nine miles every night, and has the longest beat in the city.

A couple named Hatfield, at Wichita, Kan., were divorced just fifty-four minutes after the first papers were filed.

A Binghamton factory girl befriended an old man, and as a consequence was left \$45,000 when he died a few days ago.

At Charlesville, Tenn., a man was fined one cent for beating a woman and sent to the chain gang for carrying a pistol.

The Chicago Telephone company has issued an order which prohibits employees wearing bloomers during business hours.

A California millionaire who died recently left his wife penniless, because he said she always insisted on having her own way.

NOTES OF THE DAY.

A garter show that has been well patronized in Paris is to be transported to London.

There were 3,108 students in attendance at the seven Swiss universities last summer.

York county, Maine, farmers are telling of a snow white deer that has been seen in that region several times of late.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VIII—SUNDAY, NOV. 24
—INTemperance.

Golden Text: "Woe Unto Them That Rise Early in the Morning That They May Follow Strong Drink"—1 Isaiah, v:11—The Lord's Vineyard.

INTRODUCTORY:
Note from the committee, giving the reason for placing this lesson on this date. "N. B.—The London Sunday School Union is endeavoring to secure the observance of the 4th Sunday in November as 'Temperance Sunday' throughout the world." Book: Isaiah prophesied from the last years of Uzziah, B. C. 759, till about the close of the reign of Hezekiah, B. C. 698, more than sixty years. This prophecy may be a general one, as part of the introduction is prefixed by Isaiah to his book of prophecies. It refers to the sins of Judah and their punishment, in order to warn the people against the dangers toward which they were willfully hastening. Today's lesson includes Isaiah v:11-23.

1. Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them!

2. And the harp and the viol, the tabret and pipe, and wine, are in their feasts; but they regard not the work of the Lord, neither consider the operation of his hands.

3. Therefore my people are gone into captivity, because they have no knowledge; and their honorable men are famished, and their multitude dried up with thirst.

4. Therefore hell hath enlarged herself, and opened her mouth without measure; and their glory, and their multitude, and their pomp, and he that rejoiceth, shall descend into it.

5. And the mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man shall be humbled, and the eyes of the lofty shall be humbled:

6. But the Lord of hosts shall be exalted in judgment, and God that is holy shall be sanctified in righteousness.

7. Then shall the lambs feed after their manner, and the waste places of the fat ones shall strangers eat.

8. Woe unto them that draw iniquity with cords of vanity, and sin as it were with a cart rope:

9. That say, Let him make speed, and hasten his work, that we may see it; and let the counsel of the Holy One of Israel draw nigh and come, that we may know it!

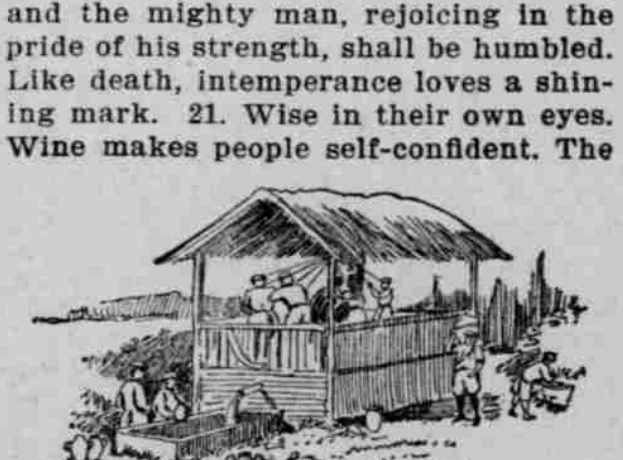
10. Woe unto them that call evil good, and good evil; that put darkness for light, and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter!

11. Woe unto them that are wise in their own eyes, and prudent in their own sight!

12. Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink:

13. Which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him!

Explanatory: Vs. 13-15. Not only are the common multitude dried up with thirst, but their honorable men are famished. It brings all to temporal and spiritual poverty and famine. 15. The mean man shall be brought down, and the mighty man, rejoicing in the pride of his strength, shall be humbled. Like death, intemperance loves a shining mark. 21. Wise in their own eyes. Wine makes people self-confident. The



(Wine Press in Vineyard.)

drunkard is often the last person to know how much he is under the power of liquor. He thinks he is safe when all his friends know he is on the brink of a precipice. 22. Mighty to drink wine. The habit grows by indulgence. They can do great things in drinking. They are heroes of the wine cup. But the cup is mightier than they. It leads to the perversion of justice.—V. 23. Which justify the wicked for reward. Who for the sake of votes, or money, or influence, give wrong judgments in court, help the wicked to escape justice, make bad laws. Take away the righteousness, etc. Deprive men of their just rights for the sake of bribes.

The Gallant Grocer.
Mrs. Binks—My husband did not like that tea you sent us last.
Grocer (politely)—Did you like it, madame?

Mrs. Binks—Yes. I liked it.
Grocer (to clerk)—James! Send Mrs. Binks another pound of the same tea she had last. Anything else, madame?

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.
The first thing a child is learnt in Nu England is to say his prayers, when he goes to bed; the next thing is, to shut the door after him when he goes out.

It don't require much genius to find fault with the crooks in a dog's tail, but to straighten them out does.

Next to a clear conscience, for sold kumfort, cums an old shu.

The man who never changes his opinion isn't going to kno mutch, and the one who changes it too often, iz going to kno less.

COAT AND TENT IN ONE.

The New Military Device for Reducing the Weight of Baggage on Marches.
The Austrian army has had successful results in its experiments with a combination overcoat and tent, and



The Overcoat.
our own army has decided to test the same device. Any scheme that serves to lighten the baggage of an army and increase the comfort of the soldiers is bound to be welcome, and this combination has interested American officers.

The accompanying picture, from the Army and Navy Journal, shows the overcoat and tent that may be made from it. When worn as an overcoat, it folds so as to form a sack coat that falls below the knees. It has a hood attachment that may be pulled over



the head in stormy weather. When spread, this overcoat makes a waterproof tent. The device is intended for use in forced marches, picket duty, etc. The many advantages of such a coat are quickly apparent. In only a few minutes it can be transformed into a V-shaped tent large enough to shelter one man. The garment is waterproof and light. The use of this garment would reduce greatly an army's baggage, and would add on forced marches a protection that now is frequently lacking.—New York Sun.

A Fine Skin.
Some time ago I read in some paper about a girl whose shoulders were particularly white and shining, and who was said to use chamois leather to rub them to a fine polish. Such mischievous rubbish! Let any one try it, whether their skin be coarse or fine, and it will soon be found that rubbing ruins it. Look at the skin through a microscope, and then the folly of treating it with anything like force will at once be apparent. The finer it is the less it will stand such treatment. A fine skin is one of the most wonderful and lovely things in nature. It really consists of six layers of network like lace of the most exquisite texture, the filaments various in size and irregular in arrangement, lustrous as gossamers. The uppermost layer is a series of tiny facets forming a grain, which, when in perfection, shines not only with the reflected brilliancy of the under layers, but with the light of its own producing that exquisite whiteness which would be destroyed by anything like rough friction. And people are so idiotic as to lay on creams and unguents, ointments and other mysterious preparations of whose ingredients they know nothing. In a case that cropped up not long since it was proved in court that some stuff sold in a bottle at half a guinea cost exactly 3 farthings to make. Or was it 1 farthing? Some fraction of a penny.—London Truth.

Velvet Blouse Waists.
Modistes report many orders for velvet blouse waists in black, brown, green and dahlia color. These velvet garments give a very rich effect to a costume at comparatively small outlay. They look very stylish over skirts of crepon, corded silk, satin, repped wool or taffeta, or, indeed, any pretty skirt like shepherd's check, wool or mohair that is cut in fashionable shape and hung gracefully. It is practically impossible to get the sleeves of a velvet waist into the sleeves of a jacket without ruin to the velvet one. Nothing but a cape is to be thought of in such a case. The velvet blouses for cold weather wear will be lined with outing flannel cloth or other soft flannel in order that they may be worn warm. The pitiless blasts of winter preclude all thoughts of a silk-lined waist for the street, unless worn above a fitted chamois bodice.

Instead of Me.
"There's always something to be thankful for."
"That's true."
"Yes, sir. There's my neighbor, Mr. Yabsley, he's just wild with neuralgia."

"Gracious! You are not thankful that Yabsley has the neuralgia?"
"Yes! I'm thankful that Yabsley has it instead of me."

All Broke at Once.
"So you took your family to the seashore?" said the facetious man.
"I did," was the melancholy reply.
"Where there is such grandeur in the breaking of the waves—"
"Yes."
"And the breaking of the engagements—"
"Yes, and of the twenty dollar bills!"—Washington Star.

Gastric Dyspepsia



And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia. Mrs. MARGARET FENNER, Indian Falls, N. Y.

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